

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday May 12. to Saturday May 19. 1705.

A new Catch.

Come hear me my Boy, hast a mind to
Live long,
Take a dose of Brisk Claret, and part of a Song;
A Generous Heat good Wine does impart,
And time to good Musick is beat by the Heart.
Let each be content with his own proper Store,
And keep our selves Honest, tho' the World
keeps us Poor.

Wine before Love.

Bring, Bring my Mistress to my Arms,
Let me the Flask embrace;
Here are the true, the powerful Charms,
And none in Cælia's Face.

How Bright, how Sparkling are her Eyes!
How Fragrant is her Breath!
Kiss me, my Love, my Life, she cries,
Press me, my Dear, to Death.

The flowing Joys have reach'd my Heart,
They glide thro' ev'ry Vein;
What Heat, what Strength, does Wine impart,
What Pleasure without Pain?

While Love, how frail are all thy Joys?
How soon do they expire?
He looses all, who but Enjoys;
What feeds, puts out the Fire.

On the Lady Mary Churchil.

Fairest, and latest of the Beauteous Race,
Blest with her Parent's Wit, and her first
blooming Face:
Born with our Liberties in William's Reign,
Her Eyes alone that Liberty retain.

On the Lady Sunderland.

All Natures Charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reason clear;
Yet still their Force, to Men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to her self alone.

On the Lady Hyde.

The God of Love grows jealous of his Art,
He only Fires the Head, but Hyde the Heart;
The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see,
A Nymph more Mighty than a Deity.

On the Lady Godolphin.

Godolphin's easy, unaffected Air,
Gains without Art, and governs without
Care:
Her Conqu'ring Race with various Arts surprize,
Who 'scape their Arms, are Captive to their
Eyes.

On the Lady Wharton.

When Jove to Ida did the Gods invite,
And in immortal Toasting pass'd the
Night,
With more than Bowls of Nectar they were blest,
For Venus was the Wharton of the Feast.

On Mrs. Martha Baynton. By a
Gentleman, seeing the former.

Let Churchil, Sunderland, Godolphin,
Hyde,
Wharton, the Venus of the Toasted Tribe,
Be justly Sung, and with just Art describ'd.
Yet their collected Rays can only shew,
The Painter's Venus ne'er will Rival you;
The spotless lustre of your Soul and Face
Contains their Whole, with an Harmonious
Grace.

Poets! No more invoke your baffle'd Nine,
But if you'd write with Sense as well as Rhyme,
Let Baynton be your Muse, as she is Mine.

Upon the L— S—

Blown up by Faction, and by Guilt Spurr'd
on,
We read thy Fate O S—, Thou'rt undone.
All thy Efforts against that Pow'r are vain,
By which some Kings have fallen, others Reign.
Vain thy Attempts the H—s to divide,
They'll close again and crush thy daring Pride;
Audacious Upstart! Think on Milo's End,
Wedg'd in the Timber which He strove to rend.

On the Death of Charles the Harper of Norwich.

THE Thracian Orpheus touch'd his Lyre,
Charm'd with whose Harmonious Fire,
Men, Women, all that did Imbark,
And were the Crew of Noah's Ark;

Trees,

Trees, Stones, all their rude numbers beat,
And truck'd at the Harper's Feet.

Great Charles but tun'd his Mighty Harp,
And to his Pow'rful Flats and Sharps,
All distant Norfolk, list'ning, Throng!
But Flourishing his saucy Tongue,
Oak Plants, and Canes Inanimate,
Danc'd on his Shoulders, and his Pate:
Each active Foot within the Room,
Kept time on his attractive Bum;
All striving who should be most quick,
And last obtain the Stair-head Kick.
Such is the Pow'r of Impudence,
Which makes Fools pass for Men of Sence,
And Fiddlers Joaks for Eloquence.
The Britton's gone! Not Thracian like,
With Harp in Hand, o'er th' Stygian Dyke,
To Charm th' Infernal Deity,
And fetch his dear Eurydice;
He scorn'd the Gods, or Wife to serve,
But left her on the Earth to Starve.

On the Observer.

Wonder not, Friend, that Tutchin
bawls so Loud,
And with big Nonsense Charms the list'ning
Croud;
For you must know, with him by Noise is
meant,
Sound Reason, Sense, and solid Argument,
With which his Party too is very well content.
Besides this Truth, we've by Experience found,
That Empty Vessels give the greatest Sound.

S O N G.

I.
A Dieu, dear Sack, Claret, and Sherry!
Adieu all ye Sons of the Bottle!
I ne'er shall come near ye,
And what made us Merry,
Must, I fear, never more warm my Noddle.

2.
For Cupid, that blinking Deceiver
Has on my poor Carcass been rushing,
He has empty'd his Quiver
In my Heart Lights and Liver,
And made me look like a Pincushion.

3.
If Almira's obligingly free,
And to my desire Condescends,
I'll bless Loves Deity
That has thus Wounded me,
And took me from Wine and my Friends.

4.
But if she proves Uppish and Cross,
And insists upon Strait-lac'd Honour,

I'll return to my Glass
And leave the dull Lass,
To her Virtue and Coyness, Pox on her!

Melinda to Mr. Fitz-John, upon his
Verses from Cinthia to Orontes. In
Numb. 27.

Cinthis may blush that poorly cou'd admit
Her Low Confession should by you be
Writ;
An Abler Judge has generously Confest;
A Woman's Love can't be by Man exprest.
Like your fierce Flames, you think our Passions
Rise,
Blaze for a Moment, then in Rapture Dies;
Till some new Charms the glimmering Embers
move,
And this is what mistaken Men call Love;
How meanly Cinthia must her Thoughts de-
clare,
Wretchedly toss'd 'twixt Jealousie, and Fear,
Despair and Torments stuff her Anxious
Breast,
Nor must her Stormy Soul find any rest;
Till (Vainly Proud to make a Woman sue)
She must Orontes's Pity beg by you.
Advantages of Art t' your Sex we grant,
But Nature does in us supply that want;
Laborious Learning we resign to you,
Yet we're your Mules, and your Graces too!
Low at our Feet you lay your Lawrels down,
And till we bid, you dare not put 'em on.
Pretend not then to what you cannot know,
A Woman must a Woman's Passion show;
Cinthia next Week shall to Orontes Write
Without a blush, what Love bids her Indite.

A S O N G.

I.
Young Strephon many tedious years,
Laid Seige to Celia's Heart;
Batt'ring the Out-work oft with Tears,
To melt the inward Part.

II.
But Sighs nor Tears no Breach cou'd make,
Therefore the Youth Resolves,
By Storm the Vigorous FORT to take,
Or Die, beneath it's Walls.

III.
And just about the Dead of Night,
While Nature took Repose,
Guided by Silver Luna's Light
To th' thoughtless Fair he goes.

IV.
Resolv'd not longer to delay,
But give a lose to's Flame;
And Rav'nous, as the Famish'd Prey,
He seiz'd the trembling Dame.

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